

WOMAN SUICIDE HAD BUT ONE FRIEND.

"Mrs. Smith," of New Haven, a Name Known Only to Her Lawyer.

Carefully Made Plans to End Life and Avoid Publicity if She Could.

MORPHINE AND ACID IN HER ROOM.

Told Her Attorney She Was Going to Kill Herself—Went to Newark and Kept Her Word.

Mrs. Mary Smith, of New Haven, who swallowed a dose of morphine and afterward inhaled gas in her room in the Park Hotel, in Newark, Sunday, died at St. Michael's Hospital at 1 o'clock yesterday. She was unconscious to the last.

Chief of Police Hopper, who has charge of the case, said he had telegraphed for A. M. Bishop, of New Haven, the woman's counsel, to return to this city. Mr. Bishop discovered his client unconscious in her room Monday. He gave orders to spare no expense in caring for her, and intimated that she had considerable money. She had no relatives, he said, and had summoned him by letter from New Haven on Sunday.

The lawyer said that Mrs. Smith had suffered for years from spine disease, and that she was a victim of another painful ailment which was incurable. She had said to Mr. Bishop that it was strange that persons in good health died, but that she, who was in misery, was allowed to live and suffer.

Mrs. Smith, who was about fifty-five years old, came to the Park House last Tuesday. She registered as "Mrs. Mary Smith, Canada." She remained in her room most of the time, but went out for a walk occasionally, and it then she probably purchased the bottle of carbolic acid and pint of morphine and the box of morphine pills found in her room.

She appeared sad and despondent, Clerk John Mitchell said.

On Sunday night she told the clerk that if a man called at the hotel, she would see him in the parlor. Mr. Bishop called yesterday, and it was then discovered that she was unconscious in her room.

"Mr. Bishop thought she would recover when he went away yesterday," said Clerk Mitchell to-day, "and he requested when she regained consciousness that she be told he had called, as she had requested."

"His timely call saved her life. He said that nobody would call at the hospital to see her except himself, as she had no relatives."

Mrs. Smith left \$175 with the proprietor of the hotel a few days ago. County Physician Washington will not hold an autopsy. He took charge of the body and the effects, and now awaits instructions from Mr. Bishop. The body will be taken to New Haven.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 4.—The most persistent search to identify the woman, Mrs. Bishop says the woman's name is not known, and that she is now awaiting instructions from Mr. Bishop. The body will be taken to New Haven.

The body is expected here to-night in charge of "identical" Keller and Lawyer Bishop, and it will be buried by Mr. Bishop, as it is claimed by him there will be no one here to claim it. The body will be buried under the name of Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Bishop says the deceased has not lived here for some time, and that although the woman was a client of her husband, he had no knowledge of her whereabouts until he received a letter from her stating she was going to kill herself and he then started for Newark. There was a Mrs. Mary Smith living at No. 117 State street, who removed several months ago to Bridgeport, who answers the description of the Newark suicide.

JERSEY CITY'S BIG FIRE.

Does \$10,000 Damage, and Sparks Fire a House Half a Mile Distant.

A fire that burned fiercely for two hours, made several families homeless and did about \$10,000 damage, broke out shortly before 6 a. m. yesterday in the three-story frame building Nos. 644 and 646 Communipaw avenue, Jersey City, and before the arrival of the engines had spread to the adjoining three-story frame building, No. 642.

Nos. 644 and 646 were owned by James Hunt and occupied by Cornelius M. and William F. Ansett and Adam Martin as wheelwright and blacksmith shop. When the flames advanced to the building, the flames spread to that building, and in their night clothes. On the first floor was a barber shop owned by Clarence Brown and Andrew Jackson, and on the second floor, the John Lee, with their families, occupied the upper floors. Barber Brown, who was asleep in the rear of the shop, was not awakened by all the excitement. Fortunately several firemen discovered him and pulled him out when he was almost suffocated by the smoke. No. 640 was also badly scorched. The families occupying the adjoining tenements removed their belongings to the sidewalk.

The police, fire and telegraph lines were badly damaged.

Sparks from the fire ignited the roof of Alexander Robb's house, No. 70 Gardner avenue, a half mile distant. The blaze was extinguished, however, with slight damage.

The loss, as near as could be learned, is distributed as follows: James Hunt, \$3,000; Ansett Brothers and Martin, \$2,000; Thomas Kenny, \$3,000. The loss to tenants and damage to other buildings was about \$2,000.

TROLLEY-"L" ROAD FIGHT.

President Johnson Says He Can Give a Free Ride and a Clambake with It, if He Chooses.

President Johnson, of the Nassau Railroad Company, is not worried by the announcement that an injunction will be issued to prevent him from carrying passengers over the West End Railroad tracks to Coney Island for 5 cents. He says:

"No power on earth can stop the company from charging a 5-cent fare. The company could carry passengers for nothing and give them a clambake in addition if it chose."

If an injunction against Johnson is obtained by the "Beach" railway, it will get around it by running his Coney Island cars by way of the Eighty-sixth street route, which is now the favorite Coney Island route.

The conflict between the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad and the Nassau Company is an old one. It is the outcome of an agreement between the "L" road and the Atlantic Avenue Railroad that neither should carry passengers beyond the Thirty-sixth street depot for less than 10 cents. The elevated road claims that the Nassau Company, as lessor of the Atlantic Avenue system, is bound by the agreement, and has a right to break the contract, as it is in restraint of trade, and, therefore, against public policy.

Counsel for both sides must agree upon a way out of the trouble by Saturday, else Justice Smith will enjoin the Nassau line from breaking the agreement. President Johnson will appeal from the order if it is granted.



Mrs. "Smith," the Suicide.

Used gas and poison to effect her end. She was discovered in her room by her attorney, James Bishop, and after the efforts of the hospital surgeons of St. Michael's, in Newark, she passed away.

BRIDE OF TWO DAYS DEAD.

Kelly Married His Sweetheart on Her Death Bed After Three Postponements of the Wedding.

Mrs. Peter J. Kelly, who became a bride while lying on her death bed Saturday at midnight, died yesterday morning at the home of her mother, Mrs. M. Gargan, No. 235 Warren street, Brooklyn. Her husband of two days is almost heartbroken.

Mrs. Kelly was Miss Anna N. Gargan before she was joined in wedlock to Peter J. Kelly. The couple had known each other for years—almost from their school days—and were devoted to their love for each other. Several years ago they became engaged, and the wedding day was fixed, but the severe illness of Miss Gargan made it necessary to postpone it. As time passed the young woman's condition apparently improved, and again the wedding day was set. Once more fate was unkind to the couple, and as the wedding day approached, Miss Gargan's condition grew worse, and there was another postponement. A third time the day was set and a third time a postponement became necessary.

Steadily the young woman's condition became more precarious. Saturday she appeared to be dying. Mr. Kelly, who had been devoted to his affianced all these years, realized that death would soon claim her, and he decided to have the marriage ceremony performed.

Late Saturday night the Rev. William J. Hill, rector of St. Paul's Catholic Church, was sent for, and requested to unite Miss Gargan and Mr. Kelly in wedlock. It was feared that she would not live an hour. The priest answered the call, and he tied the nuptial knot which death was certain to sever in a few days.

The end came at daybreak yesterday, and the bride breathed her last. Her husband and mother were at her bedside when she died.

NOTED FUGITIVE WANTED.

Squad of Detectives' Board a Steamer Arriving from Galveston, but Do Not Find Their Man.

When the steamer Nueces, of the Malory line, arrived at Quarantine at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon from Galveston, Tex., the police boat Patrol pulled up alongside and three Central Office detectives boarded her.

Great consternation was occasioned among the passengers when it was learned that they were looking for a noted fugitive from justice who was supposed to have sailed on the vessel July 28. A thorough search was made, but no trace of the criminal was found.

The police think it possible that he may have left the Nueces after she touched at Key West, August 1. The detectives declined to give the man's name, as a general alarm had been sent out for him.

CASE OF CHICKENS AND CATS.

Schrader's Pets Devoured Some of Colyer's Choicest Brahmas.

An amusing case was before Justice Rhodes in the Fort Hamilton Police Court yesterday. It was a case in which chickens and cats figured principally.

Asa Colyer was arraigned on a charge of breaking the peace made by his neighbor, Ernest Schrader, of sixty-fourth street and Ninth avenue. Colyer was until a few days ago the owner of a number of Brahmas chickens. According to his story he lost some of them through the cats owned by Schrader.

The noise made by the chickens and the cats awoke Colyer, and, going into the yard, he found Schrader's cats eating up his choicest Brahmas. He ran back to the house, and, procuring a shotgun, started in to put an end to the cats. Two of them were filled with buckshot, but the others escaped.

The noise of the shooting awoke Mrs. Schrader, and she, believing that some one was being killed, went into hysterics. Schrader then caused Colyer's arrest. Justice Rhodes, after listening to both sides of the case for nearly an hour, suspended sentence.

TO RETIRE CHIEF DONOVAN.

Hoboken's Veteran Police Superintendent Will Get Half Pay.

Chief of Police Charles A. Donovan, of Hoboken, is to be retired upon half pay. The Police Commissioners have had the matter under consideration for some time. Detective Mannie Stark, of Prosecutor Winfield's office, is his probable successor.

Chief Donovan is at present in Lexington, Greene County, N. Y., with his family. He is enjoying a second month's vacation, having been ill for some time before he left Hoboken. His health at present is said to be greatly improved.

Chief Donovan will have been on the force thirty years on September 26 next, having been appointed in 1866. He is said to be adverse to being retired, but pressure is being brought to bear upon him.

During his thirty years' service Chief Donovan has captured many noted criminals, and is said to have served more years as chief than any other head of a police department throughout the country.

FOUR ADDITIONS TO THE BOWSER FAMILY.

It Must Be Truthfully Stated That the Babies Are Rather Ugly Cubs.

In the Eyes of Their Proud Mama, However, They Are Regular Lions of Children.

BORN HIGH UP IN THE WORLD.

Madam Planka, of the Grand Central Palace Roof Garden, Hopes They Won't Inherit Old Nero's Disposition.

There were four babies born to Mrs. Bowser yesterday. Mrs. Bowser lives at Lexington avenue and Forty-third street. The remarkable feature about the birth of these four babies is that Mrs. Bowser is only four years old. At 6:30 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Bowser, a highly educated lioness, became the proud mother of four little brown cubs. It was an occurrence in high life, the cubs being born on the roof garden of the Grand Central Palace, where Mrs. Bowser's mistress, Mme. Charlotta Planka, is showing off the accomplishments of four trained lions, of which Mrs. Bowser is the star performer.

Mrs. Bowser resented yesterday any intrusion upon her privacy, and lost her temper on several occasions. Her husband, Nero, is pronounced by all a surly crank. He is a chronic growler, and no one can manage him but his mistress, Mme. Planka. At the sound of her voice he becomes frolicsome and kittenish.

A month ago at Minneapolis Nero sprang upon his mistress and inflicted a severe wound upon her left arm while she was whipping Spitfire, another lioness, who was misbehaving. Spitfire is the rival of Mrs. Bowser for popular favor. She never plays her part on the stage good-naturedly, and has received more whippings than any of the other three lions. Rex, the nine-months-old lion, was the "baby" and bone of his mistress and all the other lions until the cubs arrived. His nose is now out of joint, but he takes the situation philosophically. As a balm to his feelings he was taken out of his cage on the roof yesterday and was allowed to frolic over the roof garden with Benjamin Harrison, a huge mastiff, belonging to Mme. Planka.

The cubs and their mother are housed on the roof of the Grand Central Palace in a separate cage, guarded jealously by Benjamin Harrison and Mme. Planka.

ARE FOR BRYAN AND SEWALL.

Nearly 200 Members Joined the Club at a Rousing Meeting.

The Fourth Ward Bryan and Sewall Campaign Club was organized last night at a rousing meeting at No. 48 Sands street, Brooklyn. The roll showed a membership of 188 a half hour after the meeting was organized. Much enthusiasm was manifested.

Edward J. Maher, of No. 275 Tillary street, was elected president; John Harper, of No. 72 Middelagh street, vice-president; Charles J. Templeton, of No. 151 Adams street, secretary, and Patrick Higgins, of No. 50 Sands street, treasurer. The club expects to do much work during the campaign. The notion was denied.

MISS GARRISON NOT ENGAGED.

Rumor Denied That Young Vanderbilt's Brother-in-Law Is to Marry.

The rumor that Miss Katherine Garrison is engaged to be married to Mr. R. T. Wilson, Jr., is denied by the young lady's mother, Mrs. William R. Garrison.

Miss Garrison is a handsome and brilliant girl. She is the daughter of William R. Garrison, who died on July 1, 1882, at Hollywood, from injuries received in the great railroad accident of June 30, of that year. Her grandfather was Commodore Garrison.

Miss Garrison's married sisters are Countess Chandon de Briddles, Mrs. Charles, Maile Hamsay, whose husband is a brother of the late Earl of Dalhousie.

Mr. Wilson is the son of Mr. Richard T. Wilson, and is considered one of the most eligible young men in New York. He is the brother of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who was married last Monday and of Mrs. Ogden Corbett, Mrs. Michael Herbert, of England, and Marshall Orme Wilson, whose wife was formerly Miss Caroline Astor.

PET DOG THAT WENT TO JAIL.

"Scottie" Helped His Mistress in a Domestic Battle in the Street, and Then Shared Her Cell at a Police Station.

WHEN John A. Auburn, a process server, who lives at the Barrett House, bought a little Scotch terrier for his wife last Christmas, he said, jokingly: "Now, Frances, Scottie isn't very big, but he has lots of grit, and will protect you if you are attacked on the street."

That was when John and Frances were living in harmony. Now they are at odds, and Scottie, the dog, is on the side of his mistress. She gave him food and attention, while Auburn never paid much heed to him.

Scottie is not only a sympathizing ally, but is active in hostilities. Yesterday morning he helped Mrs. Auburn chastise her husband, and then shared a cell with her in the West Thirty-seventh Street Station.

The incident took place two hours after midnight at Fortieth street and Seventh avenue. It was a lively battle, and was made the more interesting by the angry woman, urging on her dog, calling:

"Slick 'um, Scottie! Bite his legs real hard; that's right. Now at him again!" And Scottie carried war to the trousers leg of his former master with so much vigor that the helpless man had to call a policeman to arrest the aggressive dog and the wrathful woman.

Mrs. Auburn is handsome and twenty-five years old. She has shining black hair, clearly cut features, flashing eyes, and tall, willowy figure. She is as spirited as an electric wire when crossed, and knows how to take her own part.

Auburn is rather mild in his ways, and declares he is very easy to get along with. He and his wife fell out two weeks ago, and "Scottie" not only helped his mistress, but Mrs. Auburn noticed her husband on the opposite side of the street. She had her dog by a chain, and patting Scottie on the head, said:

"Now let us go at him!" Scottie tugged at the chain as much as to say he was ready for the fray. Auburn saw the approach and bravely waited. The first thing he said, his wife snatched his chain, and threw it to the walk and trampled upon it.

"Slick him, Scottie!" she cried, and the game little terrier showed its teeth and made a dash at Auburn's legs. Auburn escaped by dancing a jig to the tune of a row of laughing bystanders.

"Go at him again!" urged the woman, giving the dog more chain. This time Scottie got a piece of the left trousers leg. "Let him have it," cried Mrs. Auburn gleefully. "Bite him hard!" But Auburn was out of reach by this time. The woman started to follow him, so he called Policeman John Rein, who took the woman and the dog to the West Thirty-seventh Street Station.

The faithful terrier guarded his mistress in the cell until morning, snapping at every one who came near. Mrs. Auburn would not leave him behind when she was taken to the Jefferson Market Police Court, and besides, it was agreed that the dog was as great an offender as the woman.

They were arraigned before Magistrate Denel, and as soon as the woman commenced to tell her story Scottie started to bark. He could make a greater racket than the Magistrate's gavel and was finally led out of court.

Auburn did not appear, so his wife was discharged, and finding her dog went to her home at No. 238 West Thirty-ninth street, triumphantly.

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THEY HEEDED NOT HER CRIES.

Neighbors Thought a Burning Woman's Screams Were Made by Children Playing.

Irvington, N. J., Aug. 4.—By the explosion of a kerosene oil kitchin stove this morning, Mrs. Henry Dawes, thirty-eight years old, was frightfully burned in her home on Park avenue, and will die. She was preparing breakfast on the stove, when the oil blazed up. She wrapped a towel around the stove and carried it to the door.

Just as Mrs. Dawes was stooping to place the stove on the ground in the yard, the oil tank exploded, and the burning oil splashed over the tile house wrapper she had on. Instantly she was enveloped in a sheet of flame. Her screams were not heeded by the neighbors, who attributed the cries to children at play. But the Rev. Mr. Christensen, of the Reformed Church, who saw the accident from his home, ran to the yard and helped to extinguish the flames.

Mrs. Dawes was carried into her home, and Dr. John Enghel, who was summoned, found that she was blistered frightfully from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. The doctor said she could not recover.

MARRIED AT SEVENTY-FOUR.

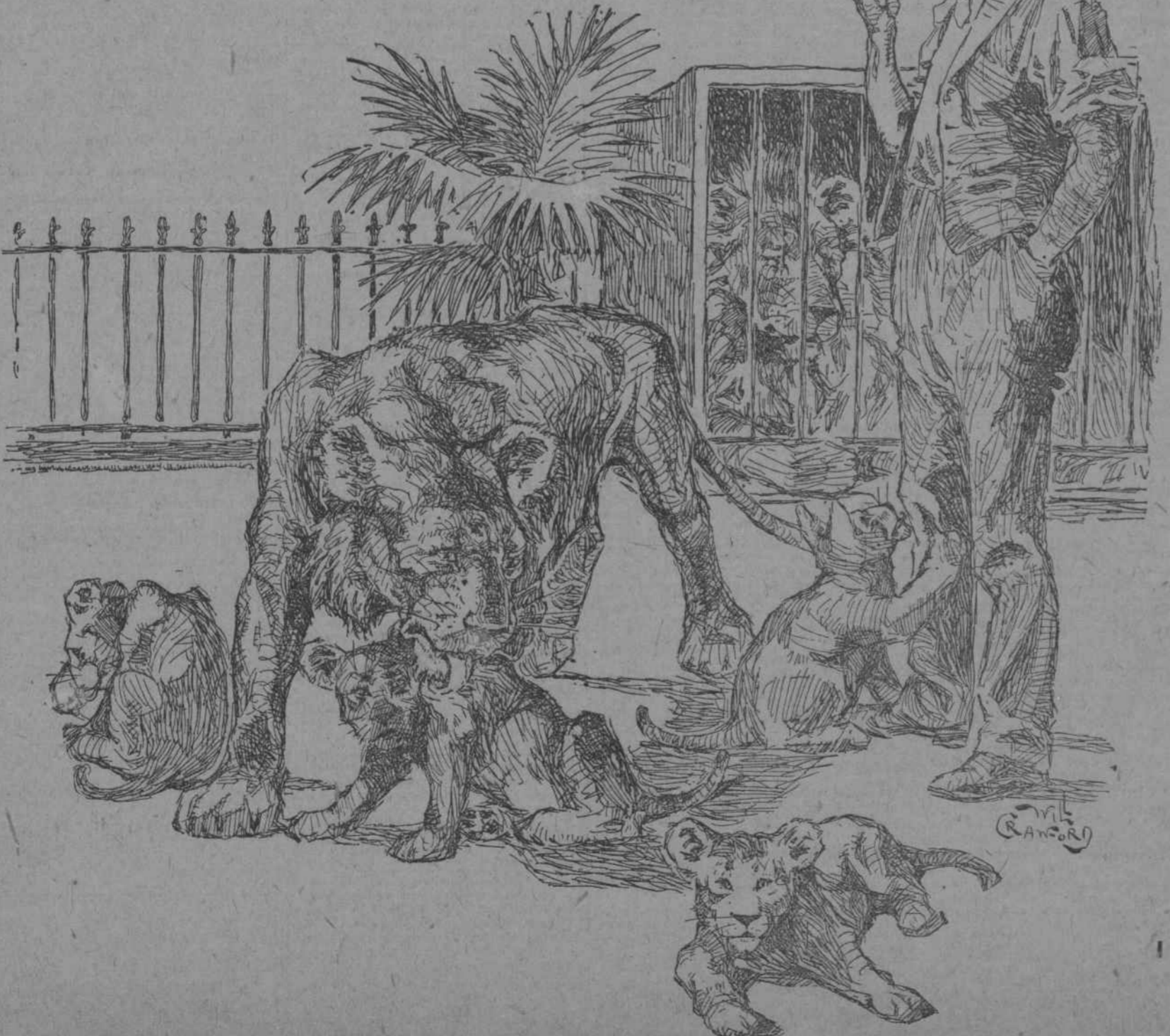
Bride Is Only Thirty and the Groom Says He Feels Younger Than She.

Morrisstown, N. J., Aug. 4.—Thomas White, seventy-four years old, who is known to everybody in town as "Uncle Tommy," was quietly married to his housekeeper, Miss Lydia Tunison, last Wednesday evening, by the Rev. M. B. Thompson.

Mrs. White is thirty years old. The wedding was kept secret until yesterday, when the groom surprised his neighbors by inviting them to the wedding reception last night.

"Uncle Tommy" was bristled of gloom. "The bride is thirty," said he, "and I am just seventeen, by my feelings. I am the best preserved man in Morris County today at seventy-four."

"Uncle Tommy" is a shoemaker, with a shop on Mount Kemble avenue. He stands erect, is spry and active and his eyes are as clear as a boy's. This is his second wife.



MRS. BOWSER AND HER FOUR BABIES BORN ON A ROOF GARDEN.